

1163/ c c 6

THREE SHORT
POLITICAL POEMS,

ADDRESSED TO

THE SOCIETY

FOR PRESERVING

LIBERTY AND PROPERTY AGAINST LEVELLERS
AND REPUBLICANS.

BY JOHN PARRISH.

FOR FORMS OF GOVERNMENT, LET FOOLS CONTEST,
WHATE'ER IS BEST ADMINISTER'D IS BEST.

POPE.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR R. H. WESTLEY, NO. 201, STRAND.

1793.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

THE SHORT
POLITICAL FORMS

ADDRESSED TO

THE SOCIETY

FOR PRESERVING

LIBERTY AND PROPERTY AGAINST LEVELLERS
AND ULLCANS



BY JOHN PARRISH

THE FORMS OF GOVERNMENT, AND THE FORMS OF
WEALTH, IN THE BEST ADMINISTRATION OF
THE

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR R. H. WHEATLEY, NO. 10, ST. ANDREW'S

1793.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

(THE)
COUNTRY LEVELLING CLUB;
OR,
THE FALLACY OF EQUALITY;

SHEWN IN

A CONVERSATION BETWEEN A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN,
AND ONE JUST ARRIVED FROM TOWN.

WELCOME home, my good friend,—I enjoy your return,
I've been anxious to see you,—in hopes I might learn
By you what is thought of this dreadful contagion;
Which threatens destruction (I fear) to the nation,
Instead of that harmony, peace, and good order,
Which us'd to exist here,—now all is disorder.
It was here introduc'd by a libellous book,
Which is said to be wrote by TOM PAINE or H—— T——K;
Which though it contains neither law, truth, or reason,
And is 'gainst the peace of society, treason;
It's well-applied art,—and it's subtle delusion;
Has from hence banish'd peace—for tumult and confusion.

For the ploughman has ever been known until now,
Both serene and contented to follow the plough;
And the shepherd his sheep,—and the gard'ner his spade,
But their heads are quite turn'd since this pamphlet they've read.

Taught

Taught by that,—*they are equal to Kings*,—and as great;
 As I who employ them—and own the estate.
 My coachman, and footman, are turn'd politicians;
 Being now far too great for such humble conditions.
 The butcher, and baker,—each his occupation
 Neglects,—to arrange the affairs of the nation.

Then every night—all these several classes,
 Of mad-brain'd reformers,—these meddling asses;
 (Though this phrase may be coarse, yet it can't be denied,
 That to mortals—it never was better applied;)
 Repair to the alehouse,—where EQUALIZATION
 The landlord—on levelling—gives an oration.

Now finding my servants each day more corrupted,
 My peace and convenience, still more interrupted;
 T' a faithful domestic I gave this direction,
 That he would attend at this place of infection,
 (Tho' seemingly not as if sent for inspection)
 Which he did;—and next morning gave a description

AS FOLLOWS:

- When I enter'd the room, I am certain 'tis clear,
- That at least—full one half of our neighbours were there;
- Not a word to be heard, nor a sigh, nor a breath,
- For they all were as silent as if struck with death;
- When the landlord thus spoke,—(who had taken his stand
- On a stool in the midst—with a book in his hand).

“ This

" This book, my good friends—is call'd PAINE's RIGHTS
OF MAN,

- " And never before since the world first began,
" Was there ever a man that has wrote like this man.
" Our laws he assures us—are by far worfe than none ;
" And the king like a thief should be hurl'd from his throne ;
" And this truth he makes clear—what no one can resist,
" That distinctions 'mongst mortals ought not to exist ;
" We're all of us equal—the one as the other ;—
" The queen is our sister,—the king is our brother.—
" That titles to mortals should never be given,
" 'Tis presumption in man,—and an insult to heaven ;
" All our nobles and statesmen are plund'ring elves,
" Who are starving us subjects—to fatten themselves ;
" —But this prophet assures—that soon we shall see,
" The time when distinction's no longer shall be ;
" For that we (like the French) shall revolt and be free.
" There'll be no titles then—each shall own his own name,
" Nor estates overgrown—for we'll each make a claim
" To a share—as by nature our rights are the same."

- " —This speech was receiv'd with so much satisfaction,
" 'Twas afterwards wrote—and stuck up for inspection ;

This agent of mischief—this subtle decoyer,
Was formerly clerk to DECEPTION, the lawyer ;
Where he learn'd so much art,—he the low undiscerning,
Each night thus seduceth to spend their day's earning.

Surely Ministers highly their duty neglect,
 Who (as guardians) the public's peace should protect ;
 Or they would some effectual method invent,
 The public sale of such books to prevent.

You are right, worthy Sir—for th' peace of th' nation
 A wound has receiv'd, from this base publication ;
 For though well-inform'd men may detect its grand aim,
 Yet its gilded decoy will the low class inflame ;
 And in course all the madmen, and desp'rate will join,
 They'll by nature and int'rest approve the design ;
 To break ev'ry law of good order asunder,
 Throw all in confusion—then fall to and plunder.
 But the true British spirit again is arous'd,
 When our peace and our rights shall again be espous'd :
 We'll first seize the leaders (both seditious and base)
 These JUSTICE shall trounce well, for destroying the peace.
 (Whilst MERCY shall lend to their dupes good instruction,
 To blot from their minds—all seditious corruption.)
 These authors of discord, these inventors of woes,
 These traitors to government—their country's worst foes ;
 We'll dispatch them to France—there to join in the train
 Of bloody assassins—with their dictator PAINE—
 Who his country has fled, and I think it is clear,
 'Mongst the public will never be seen again here.
 When there—they may feast on the sweets of confusion,
 As France now affords them in greatest profusion ;
 The fell-monster FACTION has there rear'd his throne,
 And its dreadful effects in perfection are shewn ;

Religion's abolish'd—and their God is denied,
 Laws of nature—and nations alike are decry'd.
 All faith is destroy'd—each suspecteth the other,
 And fears 'tis unsafe e'en to trust to a brother.
 There the pinings of want, and the sighs of despair
 Join with sorrow's sad plaints to *enchant the chaste ear*,
 Mangled bodies in heaps, *as a feast for the sight*,
 And ten thousand more woes, *the soft heart to delight* ;
 The aged—the infant—the wife—and the good
 These truths so distressing have seal'd with their blood.
 Of the French revolution *these sweets* are a sample,
 Should we as true Britons—then take their example?
 Shall (like Frenchmen) by us, laws and justice be spurn'd,
 And our mild constitution at once overturn'd.
 Not a partial oppression do Englishmen feel,
 Nor have Britons to dread an accursed bastille,
 Nor a nobleman's spite—or despot king's fury ;
 We boast that great blessing—A TRIAL BY JURY.
 Our laws form'd by justice—they alike do afford,
 Protection the same to the peasant as lord ;
 Industry's encourag'd—and merit's rewarded,
 The poor and distress'd are with kindness regarded.
 Our church is establish'd on pure moderation,
 And to each other sect is allow'd toleration.

Thus govern'd, w've flourish'd, whilst honor and fame
 Has bewreath'd with their laurels, BRITANNIA's GREAT NAME ;
 Then shall we be allur'd by this subtle mad crew,
 To destroy this good fabric—to build it anew ?

Or shall we British wisdom so basely degrade,
 To release this bless'd substance, to grasp at the shade?
 We'll despise their base precepts, their efforts we'll crush
 As "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."
 Then shall all worthy Britons in harmony sing;
 May our country still flourish, **AND LONG LIVE OUR KING.**

THE
DEMOCRATIC BARBER;

OR,

COUNTRY GENTLEMAN'S SURPRISE.

GOOD Gad! who's this?—what's this my son?

What a strange figure, 'faith—of fun—

I see the folks can make in town

The clown a fop—the fop a clown;

The last time you to London went,

Remember then you home was sent,

With tail which reach'd all down your back!

And now you've nothing left—but *neck*.

- ' Ah! wonder not, Sir, for egad
- ' The London people all are mad;
- ' There rages now a sad disorder
- ' (Amongst the low Plebeian order)
- ' A strange chimera of the brain,
- ' Occasioned by the works of PAINE;
- ' A disappointed man—quite crazy,
- ' Best pleas'd when others are uneasy—

C

• And

• And as I wish'd for information
 • About this strange infatuation,
 • I went into a barber's near
 • The Inn—and bade him cut my hair—
 • He plac'd a chair—I sate me down—
 • Then ask'd what news they had in town,
 • With that he came direct before me,
 • As if prepar'd to tell a story—
 • —And thus began—

“ I trust you've read that glorious plan
 “ That's wrote by Paine—THE RIGHTS OF MAN—
 “ By which we're shewn, that crowns and kings
 “ Are paltry baubles—useless things—
 “ How like to wretched slaves we're loaded,
 “ And how we're with oppression goaded.
 “ Just for a moment cast your eyes
 “ Upon our neighbours great and wise;
 “ Only bestow one single glance
 “ On the wise policy—of France—
 “ Oh ! glorious deed—at one bold stroke
 “ They their despotic fetters broke—
 “ At once threw off the tyrant's yoke,
 “ Let us by them example take—
 “ Like them our slavish fetters brake—
 “ Blot out the test, cry toleration,
 “ Destroy each title in the nation;
 “ Distinction's pride---and pride's the devil;
 “ A man's a man---and we'll be level.

" E'en now they feel their power shaken,
 " 'Tis clearly prov'd by Proclamation ;
 " We know a fabric built on sand,
 " Against a storm can never stand,
 " And soon we'll put in execution
 " Our glorious aim---a revolution.
 " ---Our great prefiders seem quite fractious,
 " Call us base---low---feditious---factions ;
 " Yet we'll convince them tyrant laws
 " Shall not pervert our glorious cause ;
 " For soon we will complete our wishes,
 " Delightful thought---the loaves and fishes---

' His mad'ned looks did so alarm me,
 ' I really fear'd the fool might harm me ;
 ' He star'd, and look'd like any fury ;
 ' Come, come, said I---I'm in a hurry ;
 ' Dismiss me, friend---No more he spoke,
 ' But stept behind---and at one stroke
 ' (Even before I was aware)
 ' And left me as you see me---bare---
 ' I felt, jump'd up---I stamp'd and swore---
 ' And like a madman rav'd and tore.

He sternly cry'd---" Why this damn'd passion !
 " You're just in democratic fashion ;
 " I thought you one of us, and hearty
 " In the design of our new party.

" Our zealous leaders did adopt
 " The law to have our *party cropt*.
 " To shew our zeal, this rule was made,
 " And I'm resolv'd, with loss of trade,
 " (Which is my all) to serve the cause,
 " And *starving* I'll support their laws.
 " And if you'd wish our cut to see,
 " He, turning, cry'd—here—look at me—

" —Scoundrel!—(said I) for, on my soul,
 ' He'd scarce a hair to hide his poll—
 ' I strove to strike—he from me flew—
 ' And squar'd just like the fighting Jew.

" —Sirrah! (said he) if you dare speak—
 " That word again—I break your cheek—
 " *Scoundrel!*—what do you mean by that?
 " Know Sir—I am a *Demo-crate*;
 " And I'll convince you that I can—
 " And will support *the Rights of Man*."

' My anger now to madness grown,
 ' I rais'd my arm, and knock'd him down;
 ' Then seiz'd his scissars (large as sheers),
 ' And in my passion lopp'd his ears.
 ' There go, (said I) to tutor PAINE,
 ' To him who thus inflam'd thy brain,
 ' And bid him *tack them on again*.'

Well

Well done my boy—'twas e'er thy father's rule,
To mark with shame—th'insulting knave, or fool;
Such lesser pains—may rising vice prevent,
When fear of death may fail of its intent.

—But yet methinks, 'twas rather too severe,
It were enough t'have taken either ear;
But as it seems to me an act of fame,
Unto the world I will the deed proclaim.

(THE)

TRUE RIGHTS OF MAN.

WHEN British Kings despotic sceptres sway'd,
Then superstition bloody scenes display'd;
Then fell oppression spread her black domain;
And gall'd the subject with her weighty chain.
Then bigotry religion's garments wore,
And streets and scaffolds teem'd with martyrs' gore;
The tongue, and conscience, then were both restrain'd,
And death his fate who daringly complain'd.—
Justice (which long has been Britannia's boast)
Then had no place—it was for ages lost;
No court of law did equity display,
In ev'ry cause oppression bore the sway;
Then Britons griev'd—and dar'd not speak their grief,
By wrongs oppress'd—yet fear'd to ask relief.

But long hath heaven in kindness set us free
From all the ills and arts of popery;
Enlightened reason hath withdrawn the veil
Of superstition—which did truth conceal;
Religion now no longer's made a trade,
But is in pure simplicity array'd.

—Taught by that wisdom which experience shows;
Deeply impress'd with faction's tragic woes;

(Ah!

(Ah! stern instructor); Briton's form'd the plan
 Of peaceful government—**THE RIGHTS OF MAN**—
 They then compil'd a code of laws, the best
 That ever human wisdom did suggest;
 The faith on which this fabric firm doth stand,
 Is the true offspring of divine command;
 Where truth, and love, and justice, is combin'd;
 And deals its charity to all mankind.—
 Now ev'ry sect—from wherefoe'er they come,
 Here find protection—here all find a home.

See justice now in every court preside,
 And with the nicest equity decide;
 To whose fair standard all may have access;
 Alledge their grievance—and obtain redress.

Yet factious monsters aim their venom'd darts,
 With falsehoods tainted, at its vital parts;
 With prayers, and threats, and every art that's vile,
 These fleecy wolves dissemble to beguile;
 Of ills which ne'er were felt do they complain,
 And plans propose impolitic and vain.
 The public's good, and welfare, they pretend,
 And that Equality's man's right contend.

But, sure to say that man should really be
 Upon a level's an absurdity;

Equality's

Equality's a term that's understood
 In law alone—and there alone holds good ;
 And truly here each cottager can sing—
 The law protects him equal to his king ;
 Licentiousness by justice is restrain'd,
 And liberty's with purity maintain'd ;
 Our equal laws (so justly in renown)
 Protect the peasant, and controul the crown ;
 Here merit's foster'd,—here the poor may rise ;
 Here worth or genius ne'er neglected lies.

A slight reform is all they ask—but know,
 Their real aim's its total overthrow ;
 That once obtain'd—*though titles they despise,*
 They'd power usurp—oppress—and tyrannise.—

There ever were, there are, and e'er will be,
 A set of mortals—that can ne'er be free ;
 Whose craving appetites will ne'er subside ;
 Ever in want—but never satisfied,
 THYRSITES like—“ were born to vex the state,
 “ With wrangling talents form'd for foul debate ;”
 Were they to-day of ev'ry wish possess'd,
 They'd be to-morrow *wretchedly oppress'd!*
 Cease, cease your noise—ye factious monsters cease,
 Nor with your own destroy your neighbour's peace.

Britannia's

Britannia's greatness through the trump of fame,
 Hath reach'd each clime, and all respect the name ;
 Each other state this prosp'rous isle doth view
 With admiration and with envy too ;
 By every nation is our anger fear'd,
 Our friendship courted—and our laws rever'd.—

Are these then reasons for such discontent ?
 Or do they prove improper government ?
 Admit there are some parts become unsound ;
 Let's not be rash—lest we the vitals wound.
 Britons be wise,—despise their mad debate,
 They claim your chastisement,—your scorn,—your hate.
 Let nothing tempt us to o'erturn that PLAN—
 Which firm secures—THE TRUEST RIGHTS OF MAN.—

F I N I S.

Britain's greatness through the trumpet of fame,
Hath reach'd each clime, and allured best the name;
Each other state this glorious life doth view
With admiration and with envy too;
By every nation is our anger fear'd,
Our friendship courted—and our laws rever'd.—

Are these then reasons for such discontent?
Or do they prove improper government?
Alas! there are some parts become unsound;
Let's not be rash—let's not be wrong—
Britons be wise—despise their mad debate,
They claim your citizenship—your laws—your state.
I see nothing tempt us to desert that PRINCE—
Which firm stands—THE THIRST RIGHTS OF MAN.—